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"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

Suck

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

VOLUME XI.



It is now five years since Puck greeted his readers on this page. Five years ago the mirthful boy, airy of manner and of attire, came down to earth from Fairyland, and set himself earnestly to work among mortals. He may fairly call himself a pretty old boy by this time. Five years are a long apprenticeship to serve—an apprenticeship, one would think, long enough to chill even a fairy's cheery enthusiasm in the cause of mankind's welfare and happiness. In these five years, Puck has seen a good deal of the misery of this sad earth. He has seen about him death and defeat, injustice and incompetence, all forms of wrong and tyranny; he has seen the bad triumph over the good; he has seen hope grow weary and courage fail. The merry laugh which he brought to earth with him has been checked now and again while tears of sorrow or sympathy ran down his rosy cheeks. If he greets you to-day with a smile, it is the smile of a man's spirit, who, no longer ignorant of the evils of the world, has found heart of grace to fight against them.

Let us lay aside the mask through which we speak, after the fashion of old-time actors. It is no longer the pretty artist-fancy that addresses you, smiling from over the title-strip. It is the men behind that figure—the men who for five years have earnestly and conscientiously striven, in the conventional language of the newspaper "salutatory," to "fill a want." The want was the want of a journal bound to no party, to no sect, to no set or clique of people, that should say the truths that every day cry to be said in a way that would reach the ears of the public—the great, hard-working, wearied public, that has not time to read the

ponderous dissertations of theorists, or to sift for itself the grain of truth out of the chaff of partisan dissension. No, the wise-heads said: there is no chance of success for you. You may raise a laugh; but you can do no more. The world is wedded to old ways and to old prejudices. Who will listen to a preacher who laughs as he speaks? Who will believe in his wisdom or sincerity? And yet we all went to work, and to-day we speak to a vast audience, from whom we have already received all manner of tokens of trust and genuine friendship.

Five years ago, in a dismal old office in North William Street, there were plenty of people to tell us that this country would never support a comic paper. To-day, the great bridge, in whose completion no one believed, has pushed its way up into the heart of the city, and has knocked that gloomy old building out of existence. In the same way Puck has pushed on, past the long period of jeering doubt, into the firmness of established popularity. We have no harsh words for those who christened us with cold water half a decade ago. They were right, according to their lights. There is no room in our modern republican civilization for the clown—the king's jester. But there is room for the pioneer who does earnest work with a light heart, who keeps up the spirits of his followers, meeting opposition with satire and discouragement with mirth. And we ask you only to remember, O Reader, that if you are Puck's good friend it is not simply because Puck provides you with clever pictures and bright jokes and neatly-turned verses. You can not patch cartoons and comic "copy" together and make a paper. If Puck has won success, it is because it is a journal with a policy—the policy of honesty; with a purpose—the purpose of independence; with an object—to make itself trusted and beloved by fearless and friendly endeavor. Have we made any mistakes in our course? Yes, we flatter ourselves that we have amassed as fine a crop of mistakes as any paper of our age now in existence. Yet every mistake has taught us something; and we think you will pardon those errors when you consider the spirit in which every man on Puck is working for you—the cartoonist who throws the light of his color-box on the corrupt body-politic; the editor who with his literary scalpel dissects the said body; the acrobatic artist who prods the shams of daily life with his pencil point, and—yes, even that valued member of the staff whose holy mission it is to disseminate, without fear or favor, information as to the real character and ethical tendencies of the great American Goat.

Whether Mr. Conkling does or does not accept the appointment to the Supreme Bench, which has been so promptly confirmed by the Senate, it is of no use blinking the fact that President Arthur has shown exceeding bad taste in nominating Mr. Conkling for the position. Of course, everybody knows that President Arthur would not have had a chance of being President had it not been for Mr. Conkling's work at Chicago. It is but natural that he should endeavor to pay off the deep obligation he is under to that gentleman. But, is it in accordance with the desire of the American people? Is it respectful to the memory of President Garfield, who met his death, indirectly, through the indefensible acts of the so-called Stalwarts?

This action on the part of President Arthur must be deplored by his strongest adherents, and will do much to shake confidence in his judgement, taste and sincerity. We do not see how Mr. Conkling can, in common decency, accept the honor at the hands of his friend,

who is only in a position to confer it because of Mr. Conkling's fatal contumacy. The error is so grave a one that we fear President Arthur's administration will never recover from it. It is hard that the first stone at the memory of our dead Chief Magistrate should be cast by his successor.

We do our best to avoid discussing religious questions in this paper, but not to do so at times would be to shut our eyes to what is going on around us. Indeed, it is almost forced upon us, for nothing can be more unsatisfactory to the calm, logical mind in this practical age, than the present condition of the different sects and varieties of faith. They are supposed to be morally guided by priests who are enabled only to retain their posts and procure food and raiment by the scarcely reputable practice pursued by them, one and all, of shutting out the brilliant rays of truth, science and philosophy. We deny that we are attacking religion; we are attacking bigotry, fanaticism and superstition, which have nothing in common with true religion any more than the atmosphere of Sirius has with that of the earth.

Let us listen to the precious eloquence and pearls of wisdom that flow from the lips of these self-styled pilots to the haven of eternal bliss. There is not a pin to choose among them all. Man exists as a creature endowed with reasoning powers, and the priest of all denominations does his best to weaken and destroy these powers. How civilization has accomplished so much with such drawbacks is, indeed, remarkable. The Roman Catholic clerical will tell you that, unless you believe that his church is the only true church, and that all the saints in the calendar are the benignant beings they are represented to be, the consequences will be pretty serious, though a free use of rosaries, masses and the confessional may avert the danger.

The priest of the Greek church will follow closely in the footsteps of his Roman brother, with a little more mummery and buffoonery. Then comes the Rabbi, with his Talmud, with his feast and fasts, commemorating events that never took place, his semi-barbarous Abrahamic rite, and his lofty assurance in looking upon his race as "the chosen people," as if they were one jot better than other beings on this account. And we know the particular doctrines that are preached by the clown Talmage and the eloquent Reverend H. W. Beecher. These gentlemen, so far as we understand, do not pretend to teach religion; they simply are in their pulpits to see that their congregations do not acquire too much knowledge and common sense.

Such men as these, then, are fighting against progress, and vainly trying to keep off the stream of brilliant rays of truth, science, philosophy and reason, shed by the noblest and wisest of men, with the umbrella of stupidity, bigotry and unreason. How can Father O'Thickscullery combat the teachings of Huxley, Haeckel or Darwin? It is impossible; and his little Catholic pupil will probably grow up an unreasoning bigot. How can Rabbi Mushhead dispute the truths of Buckle, or the caustic Voltaire? He cannot; and the youthful Jewish mind, influenced by him, will continue to revel in ancient and unsavory Oriental absurdities, and become another obstacle in the wheels of civilization. To know where Truth really is, we have but to compare the men who publish truth to the world with the men who do their best, because they are paid for it, to keep that truth from us.

WHAT GOETH ON AT PRESENT.



And in these days ariseth the speculator, he that sold raiment in Keokuk, and was busted, and fled privily by night, and that likewise sold the bounding policy-slip unto the sons of Ham in the country lying about Thompson Street. And he taketh unto himself a partner like unto him for guile, even one who hath trod the ways of iniquity at the island-called that of Coney.

And they twain make a covenant, the one with the other, and the both of them against the people. And they hire them a shop in the fashionable part of the city, and they pay the rent thereof for the space of one quarter of one year in advance; and verily I say unto you, the landlord shall be jubilant and make exceeding merry over that money, for it is all he shall see from those two men. Selah.

And moreover, the two shall betake themselves unto the house of Coogan, which is upon the road called Bowery, and unto the house of Flint, and unto divers other places where household goods are sold cheap.

And wheresoever they may get credit they shall buy furn'ture, even beds and tables and chairs and all that goeth to the furnishing of a house. And the same shall be even as cheap as they make them, and shall be of black walnut and oak and ash and gopher-wood; but the most thereof shall be of the old plain pine.

And these things shall they take unto their shop. And then they shall say one to another: "Lo, now, we will send out into Avenue A, yea, even unto Mackerelville, and thence will we bring an æsthete, and we will pay him at the rate of one trade-shekel-and-a-half a day, and he shall make these things æsthetic, and goodly and fit in the sight of the æsthetes."

And the same is done, even as they have said. For the æsthete cometh out of Avenue A, and he is an æsthete from Suabia and he speaketh after the fashion of the foreigner who danceth the Emigrant Clog at the variety show. And he bringeth with him a paint-pot and a brush, and a chisel, and about two ophers of brass knobs.

And he decorateth that furniture after the fashion of the æsthetes and them of the tribe of Wilde. And he painteth a lily on the cheval glass, and a sunflower on the panel of the wardrobe, and he tacketh on a bit of brass here and another bit of brass there, and he maketh a square and righteous set of furniture look like South Kensington broken loose.

And when this is done, maybe he getteth his trade-shekel-and-a-half, and maybe he doth not. But the speculators take that set of furniture, and they set it in the window, where it may be seen of the passer-by, and they label it East-lake, and likewise Chippendale, and they mark thereon the price. And the price is two hundred and fifty simoleons.

And then cometh the wife of the book-keeper; even he that hath wages of twelve hundred trade shekels a year, and who hath taken unto himself a flat at four hundred trade shekels a year.

And she setteth her eyes upon the furniture, and it findeth favor in her sight, and she goeth

about with her husband, and entreateth him that he buy it. And at the first he maketh answer and saith unto her: "Go to now. Thinkest thou that I am one of the tribe of Astor, or one of the Vanderbiltites? Behold, now, I am not a cashier, neither have I the handling of the shekels of the firm. How then shall I do this thing?"

But I tell you, that woman shall take her husband by the ear, and shall lead him unto the place of sale, and shall say unto him: "Lo, now, seest thou not this sunflower, and regard-est thou not this lily. For this thing is supremely too, and it is likewise utter, and if we avail not ourselves of this chance, shall another such be given unto us? Moreover, hearest thou not the gentlemanly dealer, him of the tribe of Levi, and hath he not said that the price is exceeding cheap?"

And that husband, being over-persuaded, shall buy that set of furniture upon the installment plan, which the same is an invention of the devil, and is utterly evil in all its ways. And, when the Summer cometh, that man shall disport himself in his ulster, and when Winter cometh again, he shall make merry in the snow-drifts in his carpet-slippers. For this is the fate of him who purchaseth the things of this world upon the installment plan. For it is a scheme that is innocent of countenance as the lamb; but when it getteth its fine work in it is even as a ravening wolf.

But the two speculators shall rejoice with a great rejoicing and be glad in their hearts. For have they not sold a twenty-five shekel bed and a fifteen shekel bureau and two three shekel and a quarter chairs for two hundred and fifty shekels, because of the sunflowers painted thereon and likewise because of the brass knobs?

Therefore throughout all the world be glory and ascriptions of praise unto the sunflower, and also unto the lily, and likewise unto the brass knob, and moreover unto whatsoever things are truly and consummately utter. Great is Oscar of the Æsthetes and all his properties. For verily I say unto you, the multitudinousness of fools is not diminished in these days. Selah!

RONDEAU TO MY VIS-A-VIS.

[Third Avenue Elevated.]

I like brown braids—the coif that 'scape

To nestle on a snowy nape,

And, with unheeded tenderness,

Two pink transparencies car-ss.

For me no modern songs of shape,

But classic—of the lock the rape,

All rhymes and reasons for a tress—

I like brown braids.

When I the great Soldan shall ape,

(When tape is satin—satin tape),

Stamboul, Circassia I'll assess,

Till the *serail* shall but express

That more than monks may love the grape—

I like brown braids.

A. E. WATROUS.

THIS STYLE FURNISHED
CHEAP.

[All Goods Delivered.]

On winter days the blast blows bleak,

And daubs a warm vermilion streak

All o'er the pale impulsive beak;

The dew-drop, sheathed in frosty jacket,

Lets go its hold upon the bracket,

And gives our head an awful racket—

On winter days.

Old Memory's sunny glints steal o'er us,

And while we paste the plaster porous

Upon our chest,

We watch the flakes shoot down the wind,

And keep the coal-stove just behind—

And all the rest.

EDWARD WICK.

Puckeyings.

POETRY is its own reward—from a shekel standpoint.

TENNYSON'S "Charge of the Heavy Brigade" is very "light."

THE SHORTER the man the higher the boot-heel and plug hat.

THE OWNERS of the Windsor Theatre have got the bulge on the Building Department.

IF IT were not for the fact that Mr. Peruvian Shipherd had been brought up as a preacher, we should have many hard things to say about him.

IT IS now considered the correct thing to call Rowell a stayer from Tarrytown. Some of his competitors will hereafter be known as stayers at home.

IF HENDRIX had mutilated the great unfinished Washington monument, he would not have been arrested; because Washington was not a spy.

IN SOME respects George Washington was a most fortunate man. He cannot be arrested at the instance of Mr. Cyrus W. Field for hanging the British spy, André.

THE STOCK MARKET on Thursday last was feverish and irregular, but stronger. These symptoms pretty well convey the power of Mr. John Kelly in this unfortunate state.

THERE IS an outcry because Mr. George Hendrix, the mutilator of the André statue, was arrested without a warrant. What better warrant could there be than the mandate of Mr. Cyrus W. Field?

THE MUTABILITY of the weather is so marked at present that a man doesn't know whether to lay in a fresh sealskin cap and sell his white plug, or to pawn his ulster and lay in a bottle of blood purifier.

A NEVADA ASTROLOGER bets an oyster supper that some monarch now reigning in Europe will die during the month of March. The Nevada astrologer is probably a Nihilist, and is betting on a certainty.

THE PRINCE OF WALES is a great fellow on a royal flush.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

If there were fewer royal flushes from a spirituous point of view, the P. of W. might more frequently hold himself straight.

THERE IS nothing in this wide world that makes a young man crazier than, after arriving at a party with a young lady, whom he has got there at considerable expense, to have some old bald-headed individual get her off into a corner and talk to her all the evening on the peculiarities of the Gulf Stream.

OUR PIOUS and soul-saving contemporary, the *Independent*, says that sunflower seeds are hereafter to be used as hen provender. This will have the effect of putting poultry on the æsthetic lay. Goats eat lilies; but the goat is too serious a subject to jest about.

OH, WHERE, oh, where are your gong and your gun,

For the el-e-vi-a-ted train?

Oh, whisper it softly, just for fun,

Bold warrior K. H. Fain!

"THAT'S ALL!"

No fame for me, no love, no wealth;
I want not hope, I lack not health—
No, no!
These are as free to me, or rather
As common, as a dash of lather
Or so.
I do but ask avenging Jove
To let his thunders hither rove,
And let one gross, assorted, fall
Upon the Man-who-wears-a-shawl—
That's all!

EDWARD WICK.

A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.

A MUMMY RESTORED TO LIFE.

A Swedish chemist of great repute—a Dr. Gauselbeck, Professor of the University of Upsala—having observed that Egyptian mummies could be divided into two classes—one embracing those bodies which had been embalmed intact, and the other including those which had been eviscerated—has formed the opinion that the mummies of the first class are not really dead, but are only in a condition of suspended animation, and, unfortunately for science, the secret of bringing them to life has been lost. The Professor, in support of his theory, declares that he has discovered a process by which he has petrified a snake, laid it aside a couple of years, and then restored it to life; and he believes it could be resuscitated after lying in a petrified state two hundred years; but he doesn't contemplate trying the experiment.

The Swedish Professor, as well as the public generally, will no doubt be surprised to learn that the secret of vivifying "mummies of the first class" is no longer a lost art. The mystery, hidden for ages, has been revealed.

Professor E. Sohlduz, a celebrated scientist of Boston, recently purchased an Egyptian mummy, and a few days ago, while removing some of its time-faded wrappings, he discovered a small vial filled with a transparent, amber-colored liquid, attached to the neck with a silver cord. The bottle was covered with hieroglyphics, which the erudite Professor succeeded in deciphering. The ancient inscription, to the great amazement of Sohlduz, revealed the secret of restoring the mummy to life, the elixir to work this wonderful result being contained in the vial.

The Professor, although skeptical as to the issue, deliberately set about applying the liquid as directed. In less than fifteen minutes the mummy manifested faint, but certain signs of life, and soon the once fleshless and withered remnant of humanity stood before the awe-stricken man of science a living, breathing person!

Like the heroine of a sensational drama recovering from a swoon after being abducted by the heavy villain, the old Egyptian gazed about the room in a dazed sort of manner, clasped his forehead with his bony hands, and asked in a hollow, sepulchral tone:

"Where—where am I? Am I—awake? or is—it all—a—a horrid, cruel dream?"

The Professor, with his brain in a whirl of excitement, assured the resuscitated child of antiquity, who bore the name of Tuthinik in his early life, that he was safe and among friends, and, after explaining in a few words the result of his experiment, asked him if he wished to return to Egypt, the land of his fathers, and refresh his long-closed eyes with the scenes of his happy childhood days.

"N—no," sighed the mummy, reflectively: "I don't suppose I would know the place now, and the probabilities are that all my old friends are dead or moved away. The pyramid of Cheops, which was building in the days of my adolescence, might recall some pleasant recol-

lections, but I'll not return. I owed a pretty heavy score at the hostelry of Bilgazini when I shuffled off the mortal coil, and these fellows never forget such financial transactions."

Then Mr. Tuthinik, closing his sunken eyes, let his memory run back five thousand years, and asked divers questions anent the days prior to Abraham, Jacob and Joseph. The Professor, being well versed in Egyptian lore, answered the questions so truthfully, and elaborated his replies so graphically that the mummy frequently interrupted with "Yes—yes," "I remember," "That's so," etc.

"Ah, by-the-way," he suddenly asked, with a far-away look, as if trying to penetrate the misty past: "is 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' still one of the most popular dramas of the day?"

"Not so much so as a few centuries ago," replied the Professor: "Only fourteen companies are on the road with it at present, and they are occasionally obliged to jump their board bills. Live bloodhounds and genuine plantation negroes have helped to float the play for some years, and I believe it is now proposed to revive its waning popularity by introducing an English ballet."

"So?" interrogated the old Egyptian, with an air of surprise: "And Washington's monument—that's finished by this time, of course?"

"Well, no. I regret to say that not much progress has been made on the structure since you were embalmed."

"You can't most always tell," said Tuthinik: "how long it will take to build a monument, and I am not surprised that it is still in an unfinished state. Myra Clark Gaines, I presume, has won her lawsuit?"

"I believe she has been successful in a number of cases," said the Professor: "but every little while she claims a piece of land, here and there, just to keep her hand in."

"Um! I might have known it. And how is Mr. Tilden's health? Is he still a Presidential aspirant?"

"Oh, yes; he still has his eye on the White House, and his health is various. In certain papers it was never more robust, while in others he is a mere physical wreck, unable to move about without the aid of crutches."

"Ah, yes; I understand. And my old

A SUSPENDED BLESSING.



THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

friend, Doctor—what's-her-name?—Doctor Mary Walker? Are the newspapers still ridiculing her bifurcated style of garmenture?"

"Yes; the same old jokes about her wardrobe—witticisms originated in the days of Pharaoh—are still going the rounds of the press."

"To be sure—to be sure! And speaking of the press, are those prolific writers, 'Pro Bono Publico,' 'Veritas' and 'Many Citizens' still contributing their effusions to the daily journals?"

The Professor assured the old party that the writers named were, as of yore, engaged in the growling and grumbling business at the same old stand.

"And I suppose," continued the revived mummy: "that the great prize conundrum, 'Who Smote William Patterson?' is still unsolved; the oldest Mason has just died again, and at least a score of the authors of 'Beautiful Snow' are living. And—let's see, now"—meditatively tapping his wrinkled forehead with his skinny forefinger—"there was an inventor named Edison, I think, who was bringing out an electric light, which threatened to burst up the gas companies, and a crank named Keely, who was going to revolutionize things with a motor. Have they succeeded in perfecting their contrivances?"

"Not yet," said the Professor: "but they are so far advanced that a public exhibition of their merits will be given next week."

"I have heard that story before," said the mummy, with a significant wink: "It has been 'next week' for centuries. But, tell me: has the circus-clown got a new joke?"

"Really," answered the Professor: "I can't tell how far back his latest joke dates; but it is something about a lame dog being like a mountain, because it is a slow pup—slope up, you know."

"Yes, yes!" cried the mummy: "I've heard it often. There's been no change during the past five thousand years. I—I—"—gasping for breath and clutching at his throat—"I faint—I die. Life—is not—worth—living. Don't vivify me again—"

And the disgusted mummy fell to the floor, apparently as dead as a smoked herring.

Prof. Sohlduz will resume his vivifying experiments at an early day. J.H.W.

ROBESON, THE ALCHEMIST—



TURNS EVERYTHING HE TOUCHES INTO GOLD

THE ONLY SOLUTION



OF THE QUESTION OF HOW TO PROVIDE CONVENIENT SEATS FOR SHOP-GIRLS.

HE HAS CHANGED HIS STYLE OF RAIMENT.

He now wears a Derby hat, cocked on one side of his head, a check suit with a silk handkerchief in the westward mansard pocket of the coat, and a light blue necktie with yellow dots. He is pleased when his friends fail to recognize him, and when he takes his walks abroad he takes them in the German portions of the city.

Yet for twenty-seven years of active professional life, during which he had done as much damage to the eternal verities as any lawyer at the New York bar, that man wore a suit of professional black, a soft felt hat and a white necktie. In the matter of taste in dress, he became a new man and was, so to speak, born again, on a Jersey City ferryboat, about the middle of last week.

It was the tender hour of eve. The roseate glow of the departing sunset lingered on the western horizon. Nature was hushing herself to sleep, lulled by the melody of the steam-whistles and the unobtrusive intimations of the youths in the streets that the evening papers were in their possession, and to be disposed of at the usual rates.

Sweetly the evening breeze floated Jerseyward from the distant sea, catching on its way the bouquets of Hunter's Point and the North River abattoirs. The weary multitude thronged the main deck of the gallant ferryboat "Passaic"; all light of heart at the prospect of returning to their happy homes. In the Ladies' Cabin, strong men, men strong of heart and arm and tobacco-juice, filled the seats, and chivalrously afforded the shop-girls and the old women with the market-baskets an opportunity to pose in various attitudes of weariness.

The lawyer stood on the forward deck. His eagle eye gazed boldly toward that spot on the horizon where the sun might have been had it lingered half an hour in its descent. Other lawyers stood around him also two stone-cutters and an ex-prizefighter; but not one of them bore upon his countenance the proud imprint of a lofty soul like his.

The lawyer's labor for the day was closed. He had secured the acquittal of a bold and original social light of the Sixth Ward, known as Larry the Sandbagger, who had been haled

before a tyrant court on the false and trumped-up charge that he had assaulted a citizen with a brick and robbed him of a watch. His counsel had conclusively proved that the assault was made with a sample of Belgian paving, and the article stolen was a chronometer. Thus had justice triumphed, through the efforts of the lawyer, and who shall chide him if a complacent smile, as of one who feels that virtue is not only her own reward, including a \$50 counsel fee?

He stood there in all the pride of his serene respectability, his head a little raised, to give his fellow-passengers a chance to feast their eyes upon the symmetry of his white cravat.

That article of attire did its perfect work. The boat had not reached mid-stream when the lawyer became conscious of a certain indefinable distillery in the atmosphere about him. Lowering his lordly glance, he saw before him a land-leaguer, to whose vivid imagination the pink zebra and the purple raccoon of alcoholic delirium had evidently appeared but recently.

To the lawyer's experienced eye, a glance made it evident that the course of treatment which the child of Erin had adopted was of such a homœopathic nature as to make it probable that ere the moon again rose in unsullied glory, more marvels of kaleidoscopic zoölogy would prance through that emerald patriot's halcyon visions.

The lawyer knew, and the gentleman from Sligo was just beginning to grasp that great truth, that the worst thing to sober up on, after indulging to excess, is the same liquor originally used to produce the circus and panorama.

"Yer riverince!" the land-leaguer addressed him. The lawyer started in horror. He had been the object of much assorted obloquy in the way of nomenclature during the course of his professional experience; but nobody had as yet called him a priest.

"Yer riverince," said the alcoholicist: "swear me aff."

"That ain't a priest," remonstrated an indiscreet bystander. The imbibor turned upon him a look of wrathful scorn.

"Is it denyin' religion and thryin' to fool a gintleman in liquor ye are? I am dhrunk—I know well I am dhrunk; but I can bat the head aff anny Sassenach that tells me I'm too dhrunk to know a praste whin I see him. I'm just dhrunk enough to be sworn aff, an' sworn aff I will be. Show me the man who'll shtand in me way."

He bared a muscular right arm, and the lawyer refrained from putting in a plea of mistaken identity.

"Raise your right hand!" he said, solemnly.

The d.-t.-ist raised a collection of fingers like a bunch of bananas.

"Fieri facias!" thundered the lawyer, impressively: "qui facit per alium facit per se sic semper Columbus venire capias tu quoque quosque tandem sic juvat perire a viviculo matrimonii Sancho Pedro aliunde ne pereat arma virumque polyform cumbobulo recherché calathumpian animalcule pro bono publico ne exeat oxeat nisi prius dies non podophyllin Caliope—"

"Howld on!" broke in the penitent: "howld on, yer riverince! I want to be sworn aff; but not that far aff. Give me a margent."

"Nolle prosequi capsicum trichinæ de lunatico inquirendo Ephesus cognovit hic haec hoc scarlatina Afttigone Cohoes!" concluded the lawyer, with gloomy dignity.

"Thank yer riverince!" said the exile: "ye done it well. What's the charge?"

The lawyer hesitated. For the first time in his career he felt that it would be injudicious to demand a fee.

"I never charge the first time," he murmured, in broken accents: "come again."

But he does not mean to subject himself again to such a moment of soul-harrowing agony, if levity of dress and careful dodging of the Celtic population of New York can avoid it.

THE WALLS of the Windsor Theatre are safe, according to Judge Van Brunt. We would suggest that Judge Van Brunt show the courage of his opinions by holding Court there in future.

THE BOUDOIR MULE.

It was after dinner. The host and guest were sitting together smoking on the back stoop and talking of the political outlook. Presently, a mule appeared on the lawn, and as he stood there softly limned against an amethyst sky, he looked about as bleak as Mr. Tilden's prospects of ever becoming President of the United States.

"The mule is loose," said the guest.

"We never corral him," replied the host: "because he is too tired to run away; he is so tired, that when the sun shines in his face he holds his ears over his eyes instead of turning around, and he is so tame and gentle that we keep him to play with the children."

"Are you not afraid that he will kick them?"

"Not at all, because he likes them. He likes nothing better than to have them fool with him. He taught them all to walk. He would put his hind leg out and they would take hold, while he moved along on three legs and led them. I have seen him stretch out a hind leg, let a child straddle it, and then rock the child up and down. He would then look around with his seal-brown eyes and daintily warble:

"To Boston, to Boston
We'll now quickly sail,
And have for our dinner
A whiskey cocktail.

"We never rented a nurse for the children after we bought that mule. Why, he would lift a child gently into the swing with his teeth, and then sit on the ground like a penguin, tangled up in a labyrinth of day-dreams, and push the child back and forward and enjoy it as much as the child. I have seen him take one of my boys on his hind leg and boost him up a tree—that is, lift him up to the lower branches—"

"Do you mean to say that he can't kick?"

"I do not, sir. He can kick like chain-lightning, but he doesn't put on airs and do it. He is too much of a ministering angel. He has too much the devices and desires of the noble women who become hospital nurses for nothing. The only time I ever saw him kick was when little Eunice saw a great red apple, and said she would like to have it. 'All right,' said Morgan: 'you shall have it; be patient, for patience is a noble virtue.' Then Morgan planted his fore legs firmly on the ground, raised his hind legs sufficiently to enable him to look under himself and draw a bead on the apple over the end of his tail, and then he drew himself into a ball, and let himself out like an accordion, or a telescope, and the apple was distributed all over the place. The children used to ride him; they would hold on to his ears—"

"How did they get on his back?"

"Why, very easily. They would take hold of his tail; and, when they said 'Ready,' he would give a sort of lurch and whisk them right up on his spine. It used to amuse me to see him play foot-ball with them. If he got a square kick at the ball, he generally sent it across the line; but he never tried hard to win, because he didn't want them to feel bad. He is of a very sympathetic turn, and thoroughly trustworthy."

"Does he ever balk?"

"Never when he is treated right. I remember, once, when a man tried to start him with a stick; he clubbed, hammered and kicked him. After he had broken a fence-rail and a crow-bar on his back, he came to the conclusion that he either had no feeling or was sick. The more he hammered, the more the mule wouldn't go. Then I said: 'If you want to make the mule move, speak kindly to him. Appeal to his sensitive soul in a gentle and refined manner, and win his affections as you would a girl's.'"

"Then the man stepped up, and said:

"My dear sir, I wish to apologize for the

PUCK'S PROPOSITION.



LET THE PERSECUTED HEBREWS GO TO IRELAND, INSTEAD OF THE UNITED STATES, AND —



LET THE IRISH GO TO RUSSIA, AND EVERYTHING WILL BE LOVELY.

brutal and uncouth manner in which I have received you. I am positive that it was an oversight on my part, and I wish to assure you that I mistook you for another person. Our relations in the future will be all the more pleasant and amicable; and I feel it my duty to assure you that I shall be actuated only by motives of the kindest nature. Would you like to go to the circus to-night?"

"What did the mule do?"

"He sat down like a kangaroo, and tears as large as cherries flowed down his side-whiskers. Then, when the man approached, the mule extended a fore-paw—"

"And shook hands?"

"No, he knocked him flat; and, quickly picking him up, by the hair, clubbed him almost to death against a tree. And oh, how happy he looked while he was doing it. He seemed to say: 'This is the president that got away with my deposit; this is the agent that wouldn't give me a free pass when I went on my bridal trip; this is the hackman that charged me four dollars for taking me six blocks, because he knew my girl was with me and I couldn't refuse; this is the school teacher that used to lick me and keep me in after school; this is the old farmer that whaled me for hooking apples; this is the boy that told my mother I went swimming in March; this is the old nurse that put me to bed every night at eight o'clock P. M., and I guess I'll settle up the account in full, and add compound interest for twenty years.' Then he swung the man around like an Indian club, and every time he hit the tree with him he knocked off enough cloth and bark enough to cover a kitchen floor and a garden walk."

"Did he kill the man?"

"No; he gave him as much as he thought he deserved, and then dipped him into a pond for refreshment. After this performance he seated the man on a stump, and, sitting before him, wrote the Golden Rule on the sand, and pointed the hoof of virtue at it. No one has clubbed him since. I am always successful when I want him to do anything on time, and cheerfully, for I don't annoy him with clubs. I read him a chapter of 'Pilgrim's Progress.'"

R. K. MUNKITRICK.

AFTER WILDE.

IMPRESSION DU VARIETY THEATRE.

The rag is up, a glow of mirth
Across the shred led urchin comes;
The fiddler scrapes, the drummer drums
Upon his drum for all he's worth.

The banjoist emits his jokes,
His hyacinthine eight-year-olds,
And then the stage a moment holds
Two dustered fun-destroying mokes.

Some girl then screams behind the glims,
With studied smiles the bald to mash;
The balletteers then whirl and flash
In vulgar rouge and padded limbs.

IMPRESSION DU CIRCUS.

A regal wealth of sawdust scent,
A band that any soul would rack;
The watcher breaks the urchin's back,
Because he'd steal beneath the tent.

The jester tries in vain to ride
The horse in filagree arrayed,
While peddlers ladle lemonade
That looks like chromos liquified.

And then what gusts of ridicule
The happy auditors employ,
To greet the vain, conceited boy,
That tried to navigate the mule.

IMPRESSION DU GARDEN.

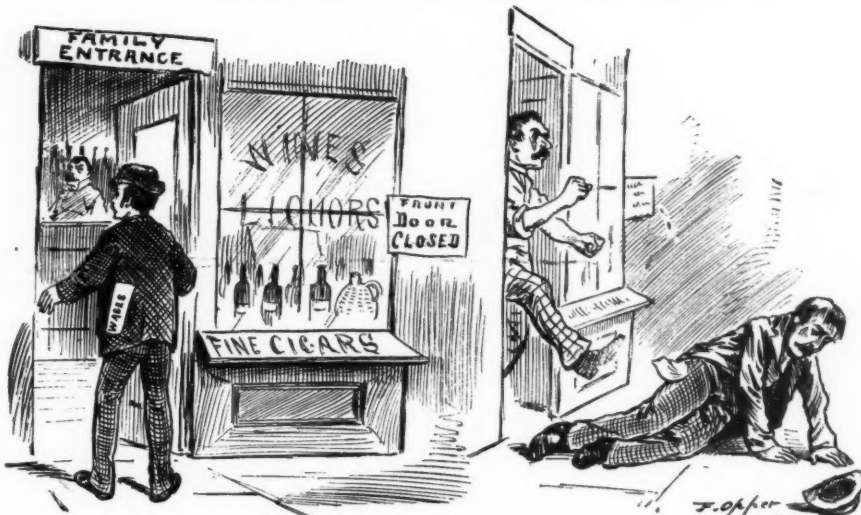
The roses and the pansies blow
Beside the porch, where sweetly sings
The blue-bird, and the hammock swings,
With Mabel, lightly to and fro.

The dominicks are on the hatch,
And while they masticate the crumb,
The roosters to the garden come,
Among the mignonette to scratch.

And while the zephyrs softly sigh
Around the dewy, yellow rose,
The urchin grabs the garden-hose
And plays upon the passer-by.

R. K. M.

THE WORKINGMAN'S DOOR OF DEVILTRY.



SUNDAY MORNING—The "Family" Entrance.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON—The "Family's" Exit.

TO JUDGE TOURGÉE.

But late a small Iowa bird,
Our much-admired Burdette,
Asked you a question. If you heard,
You haven't answered yet.

It is not now about your name
That we presume to trouble you;
And yet our point is much the same—
Inform us, Albion W.!

Burdette's inquiry may have been
Too pert; but humbly we ask:
Your latest hero—do we sin
In calling him John Eax?

Or shall the hand of Fame inscribe
On Glory's loftiest peaks,
Highest of all the scribbling tribe,
"The Author of John Eax"?

Perchance, in true iambic style,
The accent softly backs;
And we our leisure should beguile
By reading "John Eax."

Or, like the place to which they rode
In Browning's virile lay,
A Gallic twist should be bestowed,
To bring it out "John Eax."

Oh, tell us, ere the aching brain
To lunacy shall throb;
Lest, when we praise your book again,
We say "John Thingumbob."

V. HUGO DUSENBURY, P. P.

LITERARY NOTES.

"Hubbard's Newspaper and Bank Directory of the World" is the best work of its kind ever published. It is in two handsome octavo volumes of twelve hundred pages each, and is perfectly bewildering in its wealth of information, containing, as it does, the names and descriptions of over thirty-three thousand newspapers and fifteen thousand banks throughout the world. It would fill a fair-sized volume to give a list of the contents of this double-barrelled storehouse of information. These books are absolutely indispensable to every editor, legislator and literary man in the country.

1882 is urging on its wild career, but it is not too late yet for us to say a good word about the *The New York Clipper Almanac* for 1882, which contains enough valuable sporting and theatrical information to equip a Sullivan or a Rossi, and then there would be a large margin to spare.

From Cape Town, Cape of Good Hope, we have received the Christmas number of *The Lantern*. It is a most creditable production, although it can scarcely be looked upon as a "South African PUCK." The drawing and lithographing are exceedingly good—much better, in fact, than many more pretentious publications issued in this city.

By Messrs. G. W. Carleton & Co., publishers, we have been favored with a copy of "Miss Beck," a novel, by

Tilbury Holt. It is an exciting and entertaining story, and there is much mirth, interspersed with novel serious interest in the incidents. The characters are decidedly odd, and are somewhat of a relief from the conventional article so common in the ordinary novel.

The March number of the *Art Amateur* is so very satisfactory that we would like to express our candid opinion of it, but we refrain from so doing, as it might be looked upon in the light of a puff.

Answers for the Anxious.

HASELTINE.—Head her off on her spring poem.

AMERICUS No. 2.—We should be glad to comply with your request to suppress Fitznoodle; but we dare not hazard the rupture of our friendly relations with a sister nation.

R. URAL.—The best feed for cows in March has been a subject that has perplexed the wisest of philosophers. The Irish method is to nourish the cows, especially when they belong to a loyal subject of Great Britain, on needles and flints, and other easily-digested substances; but perhaps in this less enterprising country the best thing you could do would be to turn them into your neighbor's silo, and let them batten on his preserved grass.

SEVERUS J. LAMBERT.—We reprint your letter:

"I am a young man, twenty years old. I teach school during the winter, and work in a planing-mill in the summer. I have not the physique to work in the mill all the year, nor the patience to remain permanently in the position of pedagogue. Now, what I want to know is: how am I to get out of the dilemma, and find an agreeable position? I am a fair base-ball player, and a good music critic." We do not think we can help you. Perhaps you might rustle around among your friends and borrow a physique; or maybe you could get an engagement to ride the trick mule in some truly moral circus. Possibly it would be your best scheme to sit down and woo grim death in impassioned verse. It is a cheap and pleasant occupation, and if the citizens of your town should come up behind you and spoil you with clubs, you would be wafted away to Elysium on the angel wings of ineffable harmony.

A SATISFACTORY ANSWER.

ASYLUM, MINEOLA, L. I., March 2nd, 1882.
To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

In answer to your Correspondent Pleasured Reader in your last issue about the quotation WHAT NEVER I offer to give him what little Knoledge I have about It The quotation is taken from the Opera of *H.M.S. Pinfore* 1st Act. as follows

Did you ever
no never
(What never)
well hardly Ever

If your correspondent should require further Information he can buy the Opera for 10.c and then he can read it himself. I remain your truly H. Jones

AMUSEMENTS.

"Sam'l of Posen" reports that "biz'ness is biz'ness" and mighty good of its kind at HAVERLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE.

The illustrious tragedian, Rossi, under the guidance of Mr. J. St. Maur, has met with much success in the great West. He will probably, at an early date, give the Californians a taste of his quality.

Mr. Lawrence Barrett announces his last nights of "Yorick's Love," at HAVERLY'S FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE. It is a strong play, and the part of *Master Yorick* is most energetically filled by Mr. Barrett.

"Squatter Sovereignty," at HARRIGAN & HART'S, has become monotonous—not to the audiences, who have to gymnastic for all they're worth to obtain seats, but to the newspaper chronicler of the stubborn fact.

"All at Sea," by G. H. Jessop, was produced Wednesday night at the JERSEY CITY ACADEMY OF MUSIC. The audience, in their manifestations of joy, showed that they were very glad to be ashore to be present at the show.

"Esmeralda" is nearly six months old at the MADISON SQUARE THEATRE. The changes in the cast have not strengthened it, and Mr. John Owens's performance of *Old Rogers* is not by any means equal to that of Mr. Leslie Allen.

Messrs. Birch & Backus's SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS must be seen to be believed in, and the result, with a liberal dash of "Patients," will be eminently satisfactory to those who go about as roaring lions, seeking for something to laugh at.

If you live in Brooklyn and you yearn to see "The Professor," which ran for nearly a century at the New York MADISON SQUARE THEATRE, you will be obliged to go to HAVERLY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE to do it, and will very likely feel inclined to repeat the dose.

We have not a very high opinion of Mr. George Sims's "The Member for Slocum," at the PARK THEATRE. Its incidents suggest all kinds of ancient farces, and the dialogue is by no means up to the standard. Mr. Goodwin is funny, but it is his own natural fun and not that of the author.

"Odette" is doing a great deal for New Yorkers at DALY'S THEATRE. It is making enormous ravages on the emotions and affections of American femininity, and using up all the superfluous tears, notwithstanding the difficulty under which Mr. James Lewis labors in trying to be a true son of Gaul.

"Patience," at the STANDARD THEATRE, will, in future, be sandwiched with "Claude Duval," an opera of the highway, which was produced on Monday night last. PUCK will, in the near future, have a few remarks to make hereon. Miss Augusta Roche is not included in the cast of "Claude Duval," no part being suited to her powers.

At WALLACK'S, "Youth" is still at the prow, and a great deal of pleasure at the helm(ets) of the soldiers is experienced by those who gaze on the pomp, pride and panoply of glorious war and the fine scenery. Mr. Archibald Forbes, who ought to know, writes to Mr. Charles Harris, the stage director, that he has never seen anything more realistic in a military way.

"Little Em'ly," with Mr. G. F. Rowe as *Micawber*, is now the order of the night at HAVERLY'S NIBLO'S GARDEN. Mr. Julian Magnus plays *Steerforth*, and Miss Nettie Guion *Little Em'ly*. "The Two Orphans," which was the attraction last week, received very good treatment at the hands of the company, Mr. O'Neil's *Pierre*, Mr. Morrison's *Jacques*, Mr. Magnus's *Marquis de Presles*, and Miss Guion's *Louise* all being worthy of high praise.

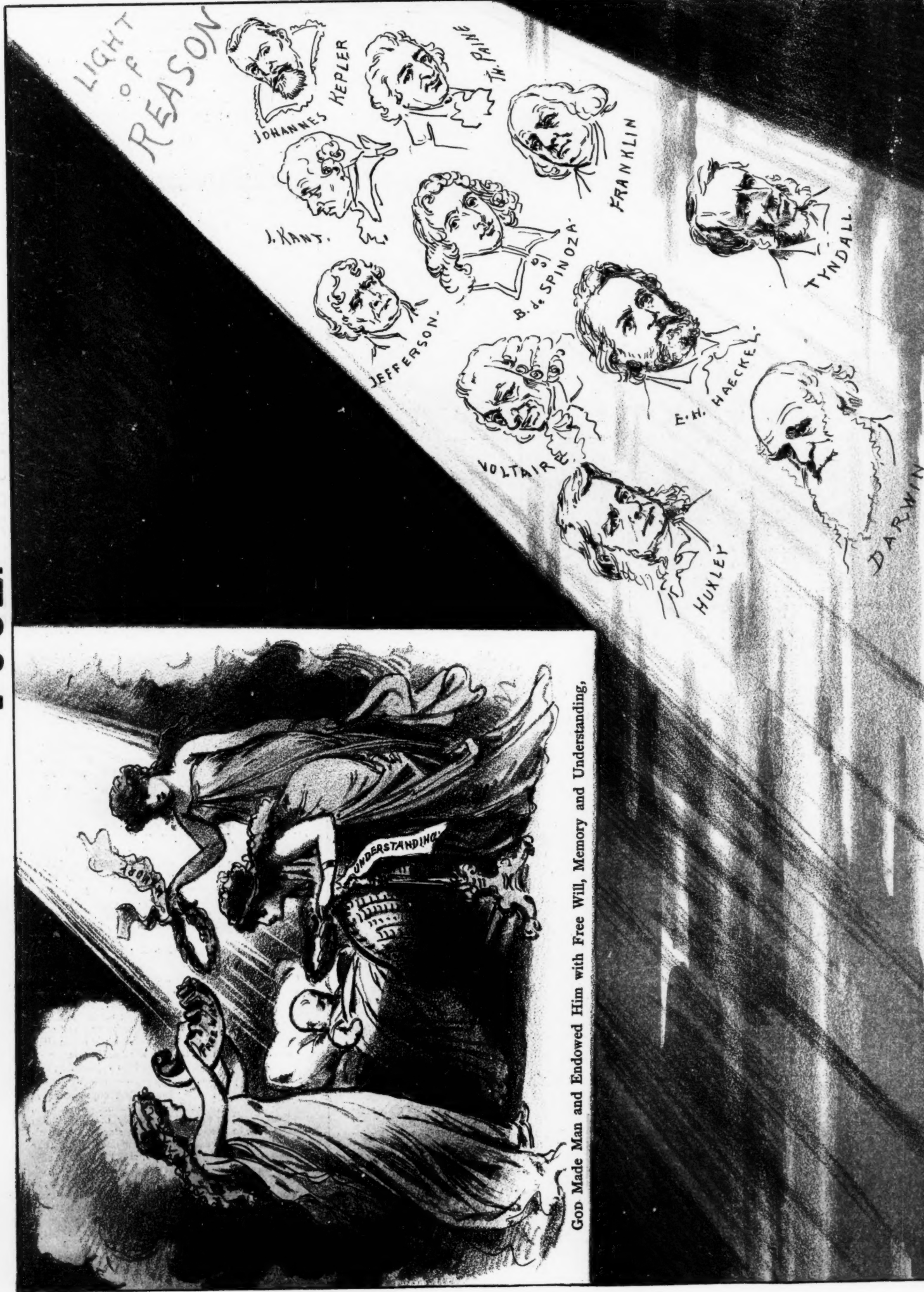
We are not great musical critics, but, if we were, we should say that the beauty of Patti's upper register is only exceeded by the *adagio* of her *staccato*. As for the *larghetto* of her *pericranium*, it is decidedly the *portamento* and *con brio* of the *locum tenens* school. In the GERMANIA THEATRE, under Mr. Abbey's management, on the night of Monday last, we, as one of a brilliant audience, never heard finer specimens of operatic hymn-singing than those given by her, as *Violetta*, in "la Traviata." Nicolini was a great many laps behind her, and has not much chance of getting his gate-mon-y.

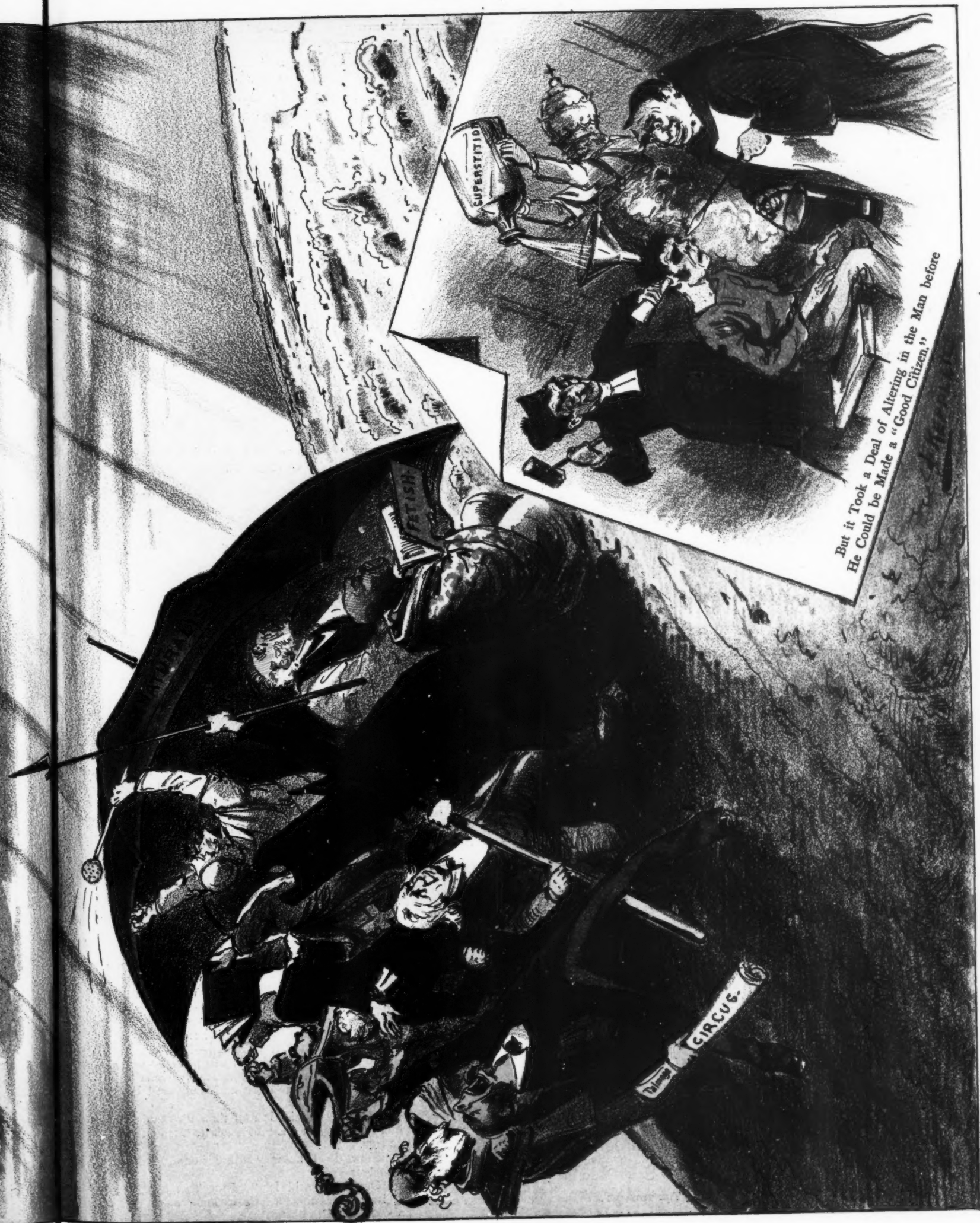
Etelka Gerster, during her recent engagement at BOOTH'S THEATRE, gained a large number of admirers, notwithstanding the formidable rivalry of Patti. Mr. Strakosch has, in Gerster, a valuable star who must always hold a high position in the firmament. But, like the Chinese, opera-singers must go, and BOOTH'S is now consecrated to Mr. Dion Boucicault and his last new Irish play, entitled "Sail-a-Mor; or, Life in Galway." It is, in some respects, a good play; but, judging by the performances of the Land Leaguers in Ireland, "The Shotgun Ahead; or, Death in Galway," would be a much more realistic and stirring drama. Mr. Boucicault plays *Michael O'Dowd*, the hero.

REJECTED articles PUCK ne'er returns:
In spring he tears them, and in winter burns.



God Made Man and Endowed Him with Free Will, Memory and Understanding,





REASON AGAINST UNREASON.

THE CANTANKEROUS COLLEGE YOUTH.



THE WAY IT IS NOW—"Look out! here come the students!"



THE WAY IT OUGHT TO BE—The towns-people to the front, or rather to the rear.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CCXIV.

OPPOSITE VIEWS.



Ya-as, hadn't the slightest ide-ah when I happened to expess my opinion fweely about the weason faw the existence of such an extensive supply of old maids and pwospective spinstahs among the best class of Amerwicans that I should attwact on

to my aw devoted cwanium so much stwong and curwious cwticism.

I have weceived lettahs fwom all mannah and descwiptiun of individuals, not only fwom irwate fathahs, but fwom young men, who we-mark that they would scorn to lead to the matwimonal altah a young woman who possessed any fortune in her own wight; that they would marwy wholly and solely faw love and affection, and that money is a mattah of perfect aw indifference.

Some young ladies also addressed me, and stated that even if their male parwents offered them dowries, they would not think it wpopah to accept them, as the wesponsibility faw supporting them would aw west upon their fuchah husbands. Aw, by the way, I question the sincerwity of this declaration. But two or thrwee fellahs, who pwofess to be fathahs, wite the oddest kind of lettahs.

They say that the Fwench system of *dot* is aw simply absurd, and that aftah a fathah has supported his daughtah until she has gwown up, it is about time that some othah man undertook the contwact, and the man who marwies her must do so; he falls in love and must pay faw the aw luxurwy of her alleged affections.

Rathah a quee-ah way, I think, faw a parwent to speak of his aw feminine offspwing. He furthah argues that the forweign arwangements about dowries and the negotiations faw matwimonal alliances entirely destwuy everwything in the shape of love, and that the Amerwican ide-ah is to encourwage weal wegard as much as possible.

I weally do not undahstand why I should twouble myself to discuss this question, which does not affect me, but I cannot wefwain fwom saying, in weply, that all my corwespondents are entirely and widiculously wong, and Mrs. Fitznoodle entirely coincides with my aw views.

It is the absolute duty of the male parwent to pwovide his daughtah, whethah marwied or un-marwied, with enough at any wate, to dwess and support herself thwoughout life, and, if her husband has an immoderate income fwom his pwofession, or business, or weal pwoperty maw than enough faw two or thrwee people, so much the bettah aw.

A SHORT INNINGS.

[After Thomas Hood and Orpheus C. Kerr.]

Infirm, inert,
Incensed, in dirt,
Intolerable to all our human senses.
Infuriate, wild,
And innocently mild,
In all shapes breeding troubles and expenses.
Inherited from all the joys of time,
In prison ward fast held, without a crime,
Imposing and imposed upon forever,
Illiterate, illogical and clever.
Incensate and inspired,
In indolence, and yet tired—
Sad satire on poor human pride and vanity!
Insolent, insecure,
Immoderate and poor,
Infinite, ill, inscrutable—*Insanity!*

POET ASTOR.

AN INSECURE POSITION.



THE TIDE IS FAST RISING, AND WILL SOON CAUSE U. S. TO LOOK OUT FOR HIMSELF.

JASPERIAN ASTRONOMY.

II.

I have been prowling around for plunder to start the Jasperian College, and I meet with much inconsiderateness.

In the first place, strange as it may seem, I find a vast number of people who never so much as heard of the Rev. John Jasper and his new system of astronomy.

For instance, I called on the Rev. Mr. Flap. Mr. Flap is a regular old-fashioned orthodox cold-water-and-plenty-of-it Baptist. He wanted to know who John Jasper was, and what about his theory.

I explained to him that the Rev. John Jasper was (and, no doubt, still is) a colored African minister; and his theory was (and is) that the world is not round, but *square*; that the earth does not go cavorting around the sun, but that the sun goes around the earth every twenty-four hours.

"You believe in that system, don't you?" I asked.

"Oh, certainly," said he: "of course. Any man who believes that the earth is round and that the sun doesn't move around the earth must be out of his right head. But tell me," said he: "do you believe in undrawn poultry?"

"Well," said I: "I don't know about *poultry*, but when it comes to lottery, give me the ticket that *draws*."

"No, no," said he: "I don't mean that—I mean poultry—chickens, roosters, ducks and so on. I have been a roosterer in Washington Market for twenty years, and when any man tells me that drawn poultry won't keep as long as undrawn, he is a liar, and a villain, and a scoundrel, and a liar, and a thief, and a fool, and a liar, and a robber, and an idiot, and a jackass and a liar. I've kept undrawn poultry, off and on, for twenty years, and it smells just as sweet now, *to me*, as it ever did. If we can't sell the interior of the chicken with the exterior—head, crop, gizzard, stomach, feathers and all—I want to quit the business. The moment a chicken is cleaned, it is ruined—for me. A drawn chicken only weighs three pounds—undrawn, five pounds—less *to me*, thirty cents a chicken. Can I stand that and smile, and be a Baptist?"

"Certainly," said I; and then I reminded him that I was in quest of funds to found the college.

"How do I know you are honest?" he naively asked.

"Oh, well," said I: "I know that myself. It isn't necessary for you to know anything about that. I'm honest."

"I don't know about it. Ever since I was a director in old Swellhead's Clairmont Bank, I am suspicious. You'd better go and see Mayor Deuce."

"Who's Mayor Deuce?" I asked.

"Why, the Mayor of Brooklyn."

"Oh, you mean Mayor Low."

"Well, ain't the Deuce, Low?"

"Well," said I: "I am astonished. How the Deuce did you know that?"

"Oh, we learn that in the poultry business, you see."

And then he winked.

The Rev. Mr. Flap is an earnest, zealous, hard-working, honest man; but he isn't giving any money to found any Jasperian colleges—at least, not while he is in the undrawn poultry business.

Mayor Deuce—I would say Low—doesn't believe in the Jasperian Theory, strange as it may seem. He looks like an intelligent man, too, but I suppose his judgement was wasted by his early education. He intimated that because the Rev. Jasper is an African, his theory was highly colored.

He couldn't be prevailed upon to give anything toward the Jasperian College. He said they had an insane asylum already at Flatbush.

[That was before it burned down.]

Then I called on a prominent member of the Board of Education of Brooklyn. At first, he didn't believe in the Jasperian Theory: "because," said he; "John Jasper is not an educated man."

"Ah!" said I: "that's where you err. The Rev. John Jasper is a graduate of more colleges than you could shake a stick at. He is a highly cultured and deeply read man. He has traveled extensively, too, over a large part of Henrico County, and has been to the edge of the earth, himself, and looked off; so that he knows whereof he is talking about."

"Oh, well, then," said the member of the plank of crudition: "if that is the case, I am free to admit that I fully believe in the Jasperian Theory; but then, unfortunately, I am interested in a publishing house, and we have over a thousand dollars invested in maps, all of which are drawn in the polar projection, and it would ruin me, financially, to give public adhesion to the faith."

"Talking about the polar projection," said I: "no sane man now believes in the North Pole; it is a myth; and all the cranks who go in search of it are on a wild-goose chase. Even suppose they should succeed in getting to the Pole, admitting that there is a Pole, what earthly benefit would it be to us? We never could make a summer watering-place of it."

Furtively, the member of the Brooklyn slab of knowledge grasped me by the hand and gave me a sympathetic shake, and I left. I am not so deeply immersed in science but that I know when I'm shook.

I then visited another member of that distinguished piece of timber, and, while he assured me that he was strong in the Jasperian faith, he had a brother-in-law in the globe business, and he had gone, like a great lunk-head, and made all his globes round; and, besides that, they had the greatest difficulty in the world to get money enough together to send their secretaries off on a foreign tour, where they wouldn't be annoyed by impertinent newspaper reporters and other detectives.

This is a fair sample of the many difficulties I have had to encounter so far. I fully counted on liberal contributions from men of science and theology, but they all went back on me.

I am going into the globe business myself, and intend to make a globe square, as it should be, so that, in future, that obstacle to the success of the Jasperian enterprise may not be bowled at me.

The tyrant of false philosophy may hold me

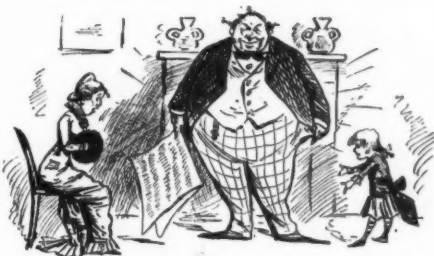
in its thrall a little longer; the despot of "popular science" may laugh me to scorn, but no power can prevent my believing the truth, no matter how many howling bayonets may be hurled at me, no matter how the finger of scorn may be flung at me. I care not for the jibes, the sneers, the mocking laugh and the heartless taunts of the jeering potentates of earth. I can snap my fingers at the whole barking pack, and say, in the immortal words of the Rev. John Jasper, with the hoarse whisper of a laughing hyena:

"De sun do move!"

Yours solarily,

EPHRAIM MUGGINS.

THE FIRE SCARE.



This cut shows the amazing presence of mind displayed by old Bilt from the ground up in protecting his little family from the ravages of the fire fiend.

PUCK'S ANNUAL.

Scant is the raiment that he wears,
He weareth but a smile,
A steel-pen coat and Broadway hat;
He hath nor breeks nor guile.
But he wears the sunshine in his face,
Heart-full of jests he's stuck,
Each page is full of winsome grace—
His ANNUAL of PUCK.

Short are his sermons, merry wise,
But full of point and truth;
His merry smiles destroy the sighs
Of age and laughing youth.
He bears no malice in his heart,
This prophet of good luck;
And all the world enjoys its part
In the ANNUAL of PUCK—
Just out for 1882.

—R. J. Burdette, in *Burlington Hawkeye*.

A ROAD locomotive for war purposes was lately tried before Count Moltke. How it is to be utilized in case of an engagement is not explained, but we suppose the design is to attach it to a dozen car-loads of the enemy, and take on board a couple of dozen members of the Legislature, filled with enthusiasm and champagne. The accident that would certainly ensue would kill off more soldiers than a two days' battle.—*Norristown Herald*.

SARAH O. JEWETT writes:

"You walked beside me, quick and free;
With lingering touch you grasped my hand;
Your eyes looked laughingly in mine."

No, Sarah, we did nothing of the kind. We knew your fancy for giving your friends away. No, Sarah, thou canst not point thy jeweled finger at us and say we did it.—*Rochester Express*.

TOMMY was a little rogue, whom his mother had hard work to manage. Their house in the country was raised a few feet from the ground, and Tommy, to escape a well-deserved whipping, ran from his mother and crept under the house. Presently the father came home, and hearing where the boy had taken refuge, crept under to bring him out. As he approached on his hands and knees Tommy asked: "Is she after you, too?"—*Baptist Weekly*.

WHY do girls kiss each other, while boys do not? Because girls have nothing better to kiss, and the boys have.—*Ex*.

"HOW BEAUTIFUL the dome of heaven is this evening," said Angelica, as she leaned heavily on his arm: "The stars seem to look down upon us—" "Oh, yes," said practical John: "it's impossible for them to look up to us, you know. They cawn't." Sudden check to an evening's fill of most delightful sentimentality.—*New Haven Register*.

CLARA LOUISA KELLOGG says she can make good hash, and Annie Louise Cary announces that she can make delicious buckwheat cakes. This is all well enough as far as it goes; but can either one of the sweet singers sew on a suspender button to stay two days in one inning, and make a fire without getting soot on her nose?—*Norristown Herald*.

A LANCASTER printer was the victim of a surprise party on his sixty-fourth birthday, at which one of the visitors "played on three instruments—the banjo, harmonica and bell—at one time." If such a diabolical outrage is in store for every Lancaster printer on his sixty-fourth birthday, not one in a dozen will care to attain that age.—*Norristown Herald*.

WHY does the boy in the gray trousers refuse to climb the tree when all the little girls are so anxious that he should? There are cherries on the tree that are too far off to be reached from the ground, and that won't come down for the calling. Why, then, does he refuse to go up after them? Is it because he never read a dime-novel, or because George Washington used a hatchet, or because he's afraid of being struck by lightning? No; it's because his mother patched his "pants" last night with his father's old penwiper. The boy's ancestors were not monkeys.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

GOOD BABIES.

'Tis a jolly day from East to West,
For children thrive, and mothers rest,
The darling girls all named Victoria,
And, with the boys, they have CASTORIA.
It is a fact, there is no "maybe,"
A mother's milk can't save the baby,
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THE HANDSOMEST GIRL IN CONNAUGHT.—By Geo. H. Jessop, in No. 12.

THE END OF NEW YORK.—By Bentley Parker, in No. 10.

FOUND OUT.—By D. L. Proudfoot, in No. 9.

IN THE AVENUE DE NEUILLY.—By W. J. Henderson, in Nos. 5—6.

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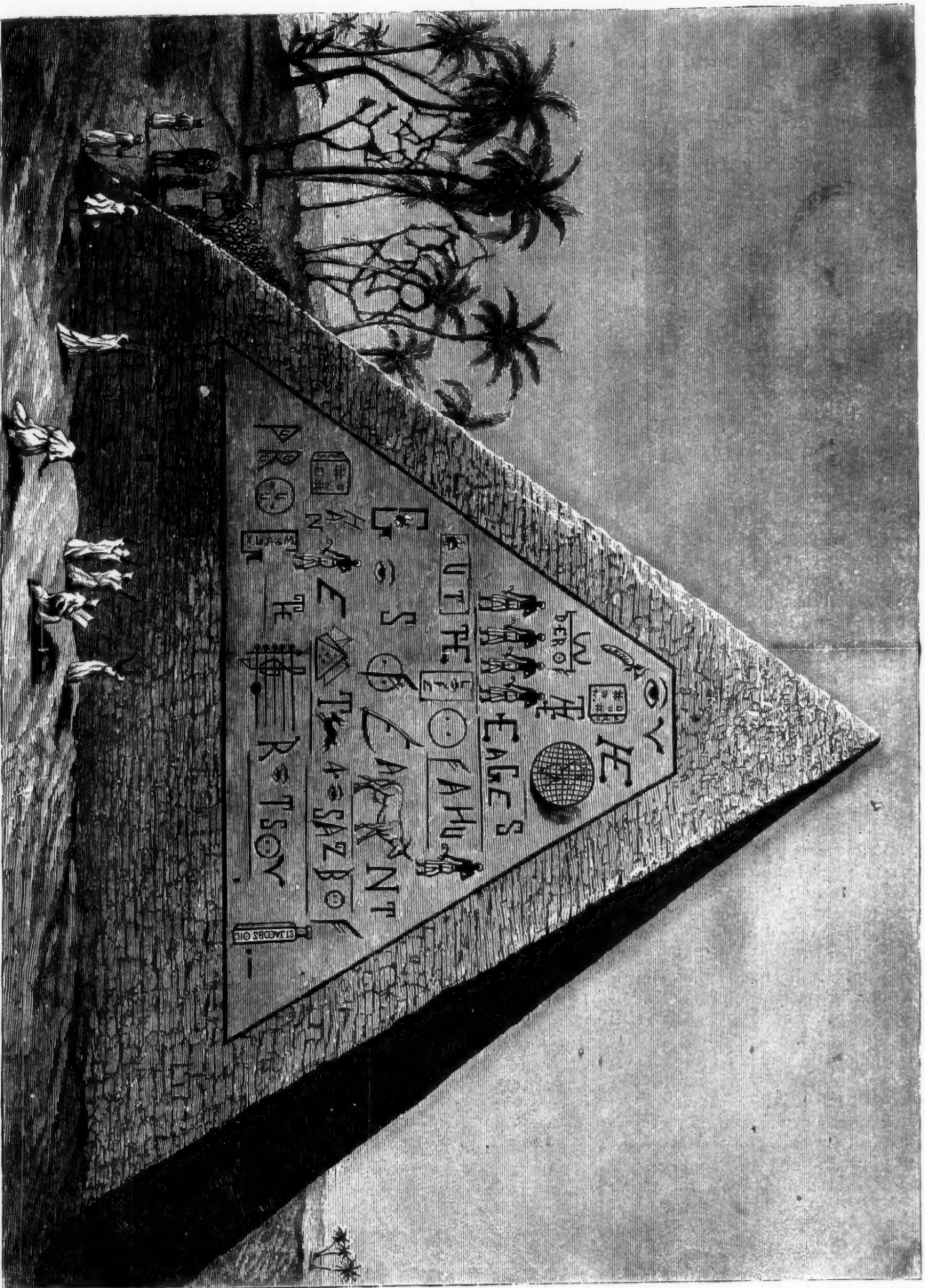
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THE GREAT PYRAMID.

Amidst the grandly towering monuments of Time's vigorous youth, none stand more conspicuously sublime in appearance and suggestion than the Great Pyramid of Egypt. Whether for perpetuation of that ancient conception of massive architecture, or for the embodiment of those primitive notions of grandeur and utility—for it is supposed to have been designed as the tomb of its builder—or whether, as it is now argued by able thinkers, its construction was the result of supernatural influence upon the designer, and had for its object the firm and visible establishment of certain immutable mathematical principles and facts, no one can positively and incontrovertibly maintain. But there it stands in its glory and grandeur, built by a people who flourished before history was developed, and whose idea of architecture, as exhibited in the construction of the Grand Pyramid, will appeal to the wonder and intelligence of all ages.

This "mysterious memorial of the world's youth" is chief of the Pyramids of Jeezeh—a group of nine altogether—and enjoys the honor of being the oldest existing monument on the face of the planet. Reared at a time back to which records fail to carry us, to discover the time of its construction is a problem that has exercised scientific minds for many years. Bunsen places the time at 3,280 years B. C.; but Prof. C. Piazzi Smyth, the eminent astronomer and mathematician, fixes the time at 2,700 years B. C., a date which would make the monument 700 years old when the Israelites left Egypt for the Promised Land. The base of the Pyramid covers thirteen acres of land, and the con-



Egypt—the birth-place of the sciences—first gave the healing art to the world; and, in the civilization of that period, her physicians were no despised authority. But old Egypt, with her people and her works, is in the tomb; and modern Egypt, with her people and her constantly growing interest in everything progressive, is in line with the nations of the earth and stepping with them in the onward march of true progress. This is shown, for instance, especially in the disease of her old methods of treating painful diseases, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, etc., and adopting that common-sense practical and instantaneous pain annihilator—St. Jacob's Oil. Quantities of this famous substance now go to Cairo and other points for distribution throughout the Land of the Nile, and the successors of the builders of the pyramids join with the descendants of the Western civilization in lauding the virtues of that which has proved a boon and blessing to our common humanity.

struction of the entire mass occupied the unremitting labor of 100,000 men for fully 20 years.

The workmanship is a marvel of the ablest architecture of any age; the stones are so enormously large—none being smaller than 30 feet long—that modern engineering views, with surprise and admiration, the consummate art and skill which devised the plans whereby such enormous and unwieldy masses of rock could be carried into the elevated positions they now occupy in this Pyramid; and the joints are so closely bound, that even at this day a sheet of the thinnest paper cannot be inserted between the works of the masonry—a fact that speaks for the ability of the artisans of that early day. This vast pile contains several rooms, some magnificent in the very simplicity of their highly polished surfaces, and all suggestive of adaption to the proud purposes of its haughty builder, Cheops, as we are told by the Greek historian, Herodotus. Professor Proctor, the eminent English astronomer, suggests its use for astronomical purposes; but the notable absence of any inscription bearing upon this study, leaves little probability as to the correctness of his assumption.

As a monument to a people who, in the world's history, are monumental in the arts and knowledge, the Great Pyramid stands sublime in its exponential relation. Not many of our readers are likely to visit the home of the pyramids very shortly, and we thought it would be a matter of passing interest, at least, to present an exact illustration of the grandest of these ancient monuments, and call especial attention to the inscriptions pictured thereon.

The inscription on this illustration of the Great Pyramid is one of sufficient importance to secure just as studious attention from every reader as it evidently does from the body of pilgrims who are anxiously pressing forward to gain the coveted knowledge. To any who are unable to decipher the characters appearing on the pyramid, the explanation thereof will be cheerfully sent upon application, and furnishing name and full address. A close inspection of the picture will reveal two illustrations of the Monk, St. Jacob; one, wherein he is seen mixing the incomparable remedy in a bowl, and in the other he is presenting it to an invalid. These illustrations appear intertwined with the palm trees, and, when found, speak the worth of the work better than it could be written.

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STORIES WITHOUT MORALS.

I.

When George Washington Brown was a young man, his father procured him a situation in a dry-goods store. One day a lady came to his counter to purchase a piece of dress-goods. "Is it all wool?" she asked. "Madam," replied George, proudly, his breast heaving with emotion: "I cannot tell a lie. It is half cotton." His employer, who overheard the answer, exclaimed: "Young man, rush to the coat-room and get your overcoat! I would rather have a thousand liars in my establishment than one young man without the least idea of the first principles of business."

II.

"Cannot you get to the store earlier mornings, Henry?" asked his employer, as the young man came in an hour late. "Yes, sir," replied Henry: "I suppose I could if I should dispense with my morning's nap and go without my breakfast." And Henry sat down in the most comfortable chair in the counting-room, lighted his cigar and was soon buried in the morning paper. His employer, meanwhile, was hard at work. Of course Henry was not allowed to remain in that store many weeks. His impudence and assurance were too massive. He is now a commercial traveler, with an income of \$10,000 per annum.

III.

Thomas and James had new suits of clothing at the same time. Thomas kept his in the wardrobe nice and clean, but James put his right on and wore it every day; so it became shabby after a time. Thomas's suit, on the contrary, was as good as ever when James's was worn out. When the boys' father saw the condition of his sons' clothing he straightway purchased a new and nobby suit for James; but as Thomas's was as good as ever, Thomas got no new clothes. Both boys now have suits equally good, but the cut of Thomas's is somewhat archaic. James says Thomas is an awful guy. —*Boston Transcript.*

GAZING at the silver crescent that hung like a glowing scimitar above an horizon still warm with the blushes of the departed day, he put an extra stock of muscular energy into the arm that encircled her waist, and, turning her gently with her face in the direction of the West, said: "See, darling, what sharp horns the new moon has."

"Yes," she added, quietly: "a sort of honeymoon, I suppose." —*Brooklyn Eagle.*

WOMAN is very apt to get her rights only when the man gets left. —*Burlington Hawkeye.*

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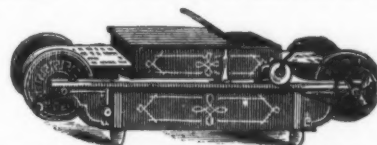
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"Yes," Athelwald replied, speaking in low, impressive tones: "yes, I do like dogs; I am fond of them. But I like a shy, coy, shrinking dog, who flies away to the shadowy recesses of the wood-shed when he hears the footfall of the stranger, and can only be won to sociability by love, and kindness and patient pleading. I do not love the bold, forward, unquestioning mass of canine insolence and obtrusiveness that comes sneaking out from behind a lilac-bush, when one is just half-way between the gate and the piazza, and nestles up to a stranger like an old acquaintance, and drags one all around the yard in a backward attitude, with no thought of one's dignity or comfort." And with a dry, convulsive sob he turned away, and, as he walked toward the neckwear department, the bookkeeper noticed that his fawn-colored trousers had been patched in the postern gate with a nine-cornered tail-piece of olive-green.—*R. J. Burdette, in Hawkeye.*

FATHER and son were driving along under the mild sunshine of an October afternoon in the neighborhood of Niagara Falls, when the child's face suddenly brightened and he exclaimed:

"What a lovely place, papa! Whose is it?"

"That is the country residence of a well-known hackman, my dear," said the old man.

"And what a big ice-house he's got, papa!"

"That isn't an ice-house; it's the vault where he keeps his diamonds."

Then the lad settled down with a tired look, as if he had heard something like that before, and resisted all temptation to talk further.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

FROM the *Cincinnati Saturday Night* we learn that a young man "whose head was nearly split one morning, said he had been attending a Mumm social." Or, in other words, we suppose he had been attending a seance where the spirits refused to be bottled up like Ben Butler.—*Boston Courier.*

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